

ON THE YUKON

Interesting Letter from Capt Jack Crawford to the Intelligencer.

MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO PROSPECTIVE KLONDIKERS. HOW TO SAVE MONEY IN GOING-THRILLING TRIP OVER CHILCOOT PASS-REFUSED TO LISTEN TO WARNINGS, AND THE HEROIC OLD SCOUT HAD AN EXPERIENCE WHICH HE DECLARES HE WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS, ALTHOUGH HE CLIMBED THE PASS AND SLID BACK TO THE BOTTOM-A REMARKABLY ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE LETTER-PATRIOTISM IN ALASKA.

To the Editor of the Intelligencer.

DYEA, Alaska, May 7. SIR:—Just one month ago to-day I began a letter descriptive of my trip and experience between Seattle and Lake Bennett, and find that it will make a good sized book. So I will reserve most of it for future generations and give your readers a plain, truthful, unvarnished, brief statement that will benefit anyone who may contemplate a trip to the Yukon.

In the first place I refused to act as special correspondent of half a dozen journals who offered to pay me for exclusive letters simply because there are a dozen or more editors who are my personal friends. This letter goes to them without compensation except as has already been given in kindly favors and pure friendship. Then there are over two hundred personal friends who deserve letters, but who will read this and know it must take the place of such letters; for it is a fact that outside of two short letters to my wife and our President, Mr. Frank B. Vrooman, I have had no time to write, and scarcely time to jot down notes in the diary.

While in Seattle I consulted people from Juneau and Dyea regarding supplies and their cost in these places, and was satisfied that I could purchase here or at Juneau, at as reasonable prices as I could at Seattle; and outside of bacon, crystallized egg, some other condensed food and hardware I was permitted to try experiments. I have purchased \$500 worth in this place cheaper than I could have done in Seattle, San Francisco, Portland or Victoria, and I had complete lists from each of these places. Only what little hardware I lacked was a little higher. I left Seattle April 11, with six men and about four tons of provisions and machinery, being compelled to leave our dredge on account of reports which stated that it would be impossible to get pieces weighing as much as five hundred or one thousand pounds, over either one of the passes. This report I found to be incorrect, as two weeks ago pieces weighing more than one thousand pounds were taken over without much trouble.

On leaving Seattle I was handed a letter by our president containing sealed orders to be opened at sea; at first I thought that he expected us to meet and annihilate the Spanish fleet and on opening these orders the first line read: "Avoid the Chilcoot Pass if possible." I knew the president's motive for this, which was not a selfish one, but because of the slide which had just occurred he wished me to avoid the reported danger from other slides. We were bound for Skagway, where we landed on the morning of the 15th. I requested Captain James Durie of the good ship Brixham, to hold my goods until I went up town to investigate.

I had letters to the leading transportation company at Skagway, and on presenting them was informed that 15 cents per pound was the very lowest that they could put my freight to Bennett for and that in a day or two the rate would probably be eighteen or twenty cents. I tried several other companies, and the best I could do with responsible parties and everything at my own risk, was thirteen cents. I returned to the Brixham, Captain Durie agreed to take my stuff to Dyea, give me an opportunity to go up town, see what I could do, and if not satisfied, take me and my outfit back to Skagway. But few gold seekers have this privilege. Landing at the D. K. T. Co.'s wharf at 5:30 p. m., I started for town over one of the worst roads I have ever seen, up and down hill, through mud, stumps, rocks and corduroy. We reached Dyea three miles distant, about 10 p. m., made a hasty investigation and returning over the same road reached the ship at midnight.

While in the office of the D. K. T. Co., on their wharf, I was talking of returning to Skagway, when a young man in the office informed me that he represented the above company, and would make a contract to take my stuff from the wharf to Lake Bennett for ten cents per pound, and guarantee it. This was rather a surprise, as I was told at Skagway that the freight was higher at Dyea, and that they would guarantee nothing; and that other destructive slides might come at any moment. I then offered the D. K. T. representative nine cents per pound if he would guarantee to land my freight within ten days. He immediately went to the telephone, called up Superintendent Hammond at Canyon City, made known my offer and asked him what he would do about it. "How much freight has he got?" asked Mr. Hammond. "About twelve to fourteen thousand," I replied; and after a moment the man at the phone informed me that Mr. Hammond would contract at that price and guarantee to land my freight at Bennett within eight days, barring storm or accident. "All right," said I, "make out your contract, while I tell the superintendent of the ship to unload."

At nearly 1 o'clock in the morning the good captain had my stuff landed on the wharf, while I sought my state room after having saved to my company between six and seven hundred dollars in freight alone. We stayed in Dyea nearly a week, purchasing groceries and many other things that had been overlooked, and leaving Canyon City on Sunday morning, April 24, with two of our boys, Dr. Wilcox and J. Crook we reached Sheep Camp at about 10 o'clock in a blizzard and snow storm. Leaving the boys in a store in Sheep Camp to follow on foot, I rode horseback over the snow, the trail being fairly good; but owing to the fresh fall of snow, and on turning out for pickers, who had warned me that it was dangerous to go on, my horse broke over with me, the second time his head and mine coming together, but outside of a small spot above my left eye like a bump on a log, I arrived at the Scales O. K.

It was fearfully cold; not a man could be seen on the pass, and the men on top, who worked for the tram companies, had been compelled to stop, owing to the severity of the storm. Here I learned that all my freight, except the personal baggage, was on top of the

PIANO 3.

No Trespassing Here.

Many stores act as the sign reads. They don't want to see you unless you buy with one hand and pay with the other. That is not our way of doing business. We want you to come in and examine our pianos—examine them thoroughly. The more you know about our goods the better it is for us and for you.

Milligan, Wilkin & Co.

1135, 1140 and 1142 Market St.

A FINE GAILE SQUARE PIANO AT \$125.

Summit. Four thousand pounds had already started for Lake Bennett. This worried me not a little, as I knew that the duty had not been paid and wondered how it could pass the customs; so, in spite of protests from the boys and packers who had returned unable to face the storm I determined to climb the summit; and taking my bedding on my back, I started. After about three quarters of an hour's climb, the hardest I had ever experienced, I reached the custom house office on top to find it closed for the first time since the opening; not because it was Sunday, but because it was the worst blizzard since the slide and no one had tried to do business. I was fortunate, however, in finding congenial and obliging gentlemen at the custom house and a good place to warm with wood that cost five cents per pound.

That night I slept on the floor of the custom brokers office about twelve feet in the snow; some of the mounted police whom I had not met before invited me to a roast beef dinner. Next morning I discovered that Mr. McKay, a freighter on the other side, had advanced \$100, as part payment of my customs, and as I was well known to the authorities, the goods were allowed to go through. About 9 a. m., Judge Irving, an old friend and former Indian agent, brought my personal baggage and that of my six men, (which he insisted on doing), being in the freight business, free of charge. In all amounting to 1,000 pounds, from Dyea to Lake Bennett, just for "old lang syne."

About 2 p. m. we started for Lake Linderman, stayed there all night, and

as at Skagway a month or two before starting, for rates and conditions. Irving & Coburn, or the D. K. T. Co., are thoroughly reliable and will give lowest rates and practical information. The only one company that I can think of at Skagway is Bartlett & Co.

Here is one incident which I think worthy of mention. While my goods were being loaded here Supt. Hammond, of the D. K. T. Co., said to me: "Captain Jack, why do you take those big boxes with you? That heavy lumber is not worth nine cents a pound. When we unload at Canyon City get your men to take those machines out, pack all you can in sacks, and I will give you credit for every pound you throw away."

The result is that 500 pounds are packed in the Dyea Trading Company's store, where I am writing this letter. These go free to Bennett in lieu of boxes dispensed with; saving \$15, which is quite an item. Everything should be packed in fifty or 100 pound waterproof sacks, and boxes should not weigh over 100 to 120 pounds, so as to be easily handled, thus saving lots of breakage, and often much loss; for the packer is a peculiar ana-mite, and when he gets hold of an awkward over-weight package he uses much muscle and more profanity in his attempt to reduce it.

We purchased four boats in Seattle, and here is another item worth remembering. Two of our boats are galvanized steel, twenty-eight feet long, in two rolls about thirteen inches in diameter, two and one-half feet long, weighing 150 pounds each, while the frame weight is about fifty pounds each, or 400 pounds in the two boats; cost at Seattle \$90 for the two. Freight from Seattle to Bennett, \$40, making about \$130 for the two boats complete, while at Bennett or Linderman the lumber for one boat cost as much as twenty-five cents per foot. I could not purchase a boat for \$250, made of very poor lumber, that would be as good or as valuable as one of mine that cost \$55; hence I say, buy your boats knocked down or bring your own lumber to build them and save money.

When one realizes that last summer freight went up as high as fifty cents per pound between Dyea and the lakes, and that to-day you can get it for six cents, on account of the tramway being completed, it will readily be seen that freight cannot go beyond the average winter price.

One can land in Dyea with \$1,000, and after purchasing a year's supplies and outfit and paying his fare and freight will still have \$600 left upon reaching Dawson City, and in the meantime look upon scenery that is worth traveling thousands of miles to see. Indeed I would not have missed seeing the Chilcoot Pass and climbing it and sliding back to the foot of the hill for a thousand dollars; and when anyone attempts to describe this scene and tells you he has done so, you can put him down (not her, of course) as a lineal descendant of Ananias. No pen can describe it, even though it were wielded by "She" Haggard or Zola.

In one day we put together one of our steel boats and the other was nearing completion when I left the lake. When our four boats are put together I shall paint them white and shall name them after Uncle Sam's ships, which no doubt



THE MAN WHO RULES TAMPA.

Major General Shafter Holds the Tampa Army Under Wise Direction.

In the army Gen. Shafter is known as "Pecos Bill," because of experiences during his long term in Texas as lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-fourth infantry. The name came to him from his skill as a desert pilot, shown in leading a force to the waters of the Pecos river. He insisted upon taking a course opposite to that indicated by his guides, and the result proved that he had a better idea of location than they. For many years Gen. Shafter was

colonel of the First infantry regiment. In July, 1897, he was appointed brigadier general, and was assigned to the command of the Department of California. With the war came his appointment as major general of volunteers. Gen. Shafter has his hands full. He has not only the men to deal with, but he must look after supplies, which at times become scarce, owing to the immense amount required, and he must also look after the health of the sol-

diers, for Uncle Sam would hold him personally responsible were he to allow the boys to be stricken by southern fevers. He must besides keep the army in readiness to start at a moment's notice, and he must know to a man just what forces are at his disposal and just what regiments can be gathered if called upon by the army. He is a man of mighty power and inestimable strength. He is a soldier as brave as Lee—and that is saying a great deal.

followed him, and on reaching the place where his goods were cached, asked if that was his outfit. "That's what it is," he replied. "Well," said the officer, "as you were so particular about that ten cents; suppose you open it up, it is just possible that you have been overcharged; there may be possibly another ten cents due you, and by adding a nickel you can buy a cup of coffee on the trail."

The young man protested, but protests don't go with the mounted police, and after opening up his goods he was compelled to return to the custom house and pay something over \$20 more for

here late last night. Bowen had been down town for a few minutes after supper, and on his return, about 9 o'clock, he was shot twice in the back, not over twenty steps from his house. Mr. Bowen was unarmed. So far no clue as to the perpetrator has been found. If caught the assassin will probably be lynched by the infuriated citizens.

Jefferson County Delegates. Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer. STEUBENVILLE, O., May 23.—At the Republican county convention to-day, Robert McGowan presided and the following delegates to the state convention were selected: Robert McGowan, J. J. Gill, Richard Gibson, M. N. Duvall, Alfred Day, J. L. Means, Frank Hartford, Samuel McAdoo, E. G. Evans, J. Dunbar, Stewart Bruce, Dr. S. O. Barkhurst, D. M. Welday, W. A. Johnston, William Banfield, Otto Schaefer, Winfield Scott, W. J. Ford, E. M. Crawford and James George. The resolutions passed indorsed President McKinley's course in regard to Cuba and the war.

Boycotting France. ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 22.—Seventy-five women, all of prominent families here, met this afternoon at the country club, where the freely voiced hostility of France to the United States in the Spanish-American trouble was discussed. The upshot of the discussion was that

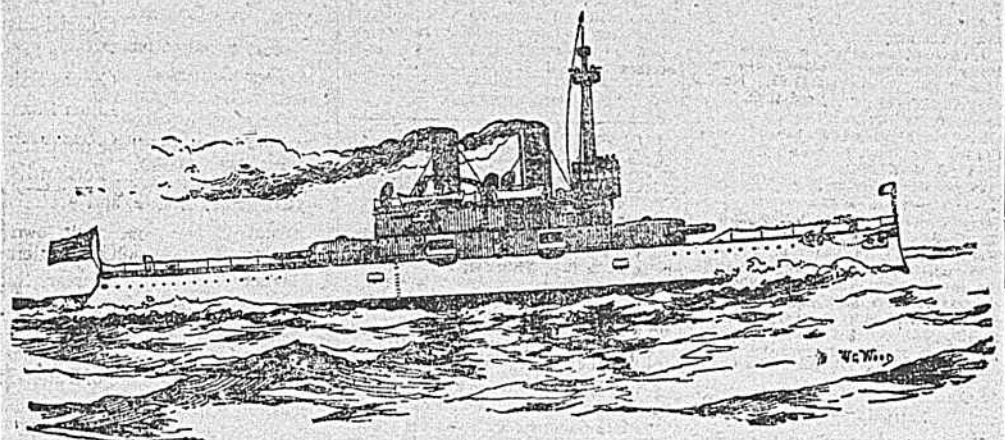
the women resolved to neither buy nor wear French made goods and to discourage the merchants whom they patronize from handling French products.

WHEN you want sparkling wine get Cook's Imperial Extry Dry Champagne. Its purity and delicious flavor commands it.

Reduced Rates via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for the Annual Meeting German Baptists (Dunkards) Naperville, Ill., May 29th to June 1th.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad will sell excursion tickets from points on its lines west of Baltimore, account of the annual meeting of German Baptists (Dunkards), at Naperville, Ill., at the low rate of one fare for the round trip to Chicago, plus \$1.85 to Naperville. Tickets will be sold May 23, 24, 25 and 26, good to return until June 30, with privilege of extension until June 30, if ticket is deposited with agent at Naperville on or before June 24.

THE human machine starts but once and stops but once. You can keep it going longest and most regularly by using De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation and all stomach and liver troubles. Charles R. Goetze, Market and Twelfth streets; Chatham Sinclair, Forty-sixth and Jacob streets; A. E. Scheele, No. 607 Main street; Exley Bros., Penn and Zee streets; Bowle & Co., Bridgeport.



THE OREGON.

reached Lake Bennett with nearly all of our outfit Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, just fifty hours from the time we left Canyon City, from which point our goods were packed on horses and mules to the Scales. About this time they commenced sending goods through on the tramway from Canyon City to the summit, and to-day they are carrying freight from here by way of this tram to the summit for four cents per pound, and I am credibly informed that within a week the rate will not exceed three cents; consequently one can easily figure on freight from here to Lake Bennett at this time at not over six cents, and next spring, when everything is frozen up and the trails are good, it will not exceed five cents, and I am almost sure that within a year there will be a three cent rate from Dyea to Linderman.

I have no word to say against the White Pass trail as I have not been over it, but if they could not carry freight for less than thirteen and fifteen cents at a profit before this tram was completed, I cannot understand why, if they had a better trail, as they claim, it would cost nearly twice as much to get over it. I have no axe to grind on this slide, not a dollar's worth of interest here, nor am I under obligations to anyone; have paid cash for everything I have purchased, have neither asked for nor received favors from anyone except Judge Irving, and that was entirely spontaneous and personal, tendered after I had contracted with the opposition party.

I simply want to give my experience honestly and truthfully that others may benefit thereby, and would readily have given \$100 two weeks ago for the information contained in this letter, and everyone who knows me will realize that I will not write a line that cannot be sustained.

Now let us see for a moment what the dangers and difficulties of this route really are: In the first place, I have talked with a dozen Indians and everyone tells the same story; that no Indian could be found on the trail that terrible day of the slide; that the hot wind and the big fresh snowstorm was sure to bring a slide, and they (the Indians) warned the people to stay in camp and not risk it; but it seems useless to warn people. I myself would be one of the first to try to prevent people from going into danger, and yet, because I had business that might suffer on top of the pass, I refused to listen to the warnings I received, and if, while facing that storm, I had been buried in a slide, I alone would be blamed.

Now the trail between Sheep Camp and Canyon City is as bad as it can be, yet crippled as I am, I left Lake Linderman at 6 a. m. day before yesterday, and after spending an hour on the summit and half an hour at the Scales, reached Canyon City at 1 p. m., in time to catch the stage to Dyea; twenty miles in moccasins. I had just time to rush into the Red Onion hotel, change my socks and moccasins, eat a plate of ice cream, tendered by the gentlemanly landlord of the Red Onion, before jumping on the stage. One can get as good a dinner at the Red Onion as he can get at the Waldorf-Astoria, especially if he is hungry, or "what's in a name?" A hotel by any other name would smell as sweetly.

Parties going to the Yukon would do well to write to one or two of the transportation companies here at Dyea as well

ere this have destroyed a goodly portion of the Spanish navy.

The 25th is the last date of papers received here, and people are wild for news of the war. The English and Canadians are as eager for the war news and almost as enthusiastic as the Americans. Last Monday evening at Lake Bennett a social was given by the ladies on the trail at the Union church; about thirty ladies and 200 men attended. Fifteen numbers on the programme would have done credit to a city, and of course to offset that, yours truly was requested to inflict them for about half an hour. At the conclusion doughnuts, boiled eggs and sandwiches, with coffee, were served. "America" and "God Save the Queen" were sung with a will and three rousing cheers for Old Glory and the Union Jack were given.

I shall return to Bennett to-morrow, and Monday evening another grand social and entertainment will take place. The church will probably be abandoned for the open air, as a thousand people at least will attend, owing to the success of the first. Coming in from Linderman to the summit we met two ladies alone pulling over 800 pounds on their sled; one seemed to be about thirty and the other about twenty years of age. Later we met a handsome girl, straight as an arrow, blue eyes, curly blonde hair, dressed in boy's clothes, blue shirt, no coat, with a belt and a Colt's pistol strapped around her waist, while several yards in front was a young man carrying a guitar. These two looked like brother and sister, and no doubt were.

About 30,000 people have passed over the Chilcoot and White passes, at least two-thirds of these over the Chilcoot, since the custom house has been opened. This I have from Capt. Belcher, of the custom house. This does not include, however, 2,000 or more who have slipped in with parties who have more provisions than required to pass the line.

The Canadian officials are neither strict nor offensive, and not one party in five hundred have their outfits closely examined. If a man has common ordinary horse sense, he need have no trouble with the customs officers. Major Walsh or his mounted police. I will give just one incident to illustrate. Last week a would-be smart fellow paid his duty, which came to about \$5, or \$4.90. There was ten cents due him, and the officer remarked that he had no change. "Well," said the smart young man, "you had better cough it up; you can't rob me more than your law allows." Ten cents was borrowed to pay the young man, and he seemed very much elated and booked around upon the crowd to see how many were in sympathy with his action, and then remarked: "Tell you what, boys, that's biz."

As he stepped out one of the officers

goods that were not on his bill. The officer in charge gave him a good talking to, and told him that he would be justified in confiscating his goods and sending him back across the line.

The tariff may be, and possible is, an injustice, and many poor, struggling gold seekers can ill afford to pay it, but no blame can be attached to these men, who are kind, considerate, courteous and always just; were it otherwise, hundreds of men would have been turned back who had their little all in their little outfits, for many have been passed through with less than half the amount required by law.

I sat in Major Walsh's tent at Lake Bennett the other evening, and he is absolute commander in the northwest territory, when a young man applied for a permit to take a lot of liquor to Dawson.

"No, sir," said the major, "no more permits will be granted, and if I had my way I would cancel every one that had been issued."

The young man attempted to argue with this veteran frontier captain, who convinced Sitting Bull in about forty-five minutes that it would not be healthy for him to stay in Canada when he was chased over the border by our troops, and, although the major had but a handful of men, Sitting Bull concluded that he was right, and stood not upon the order of his going.

So, when this young man said to the major, "Major, don't you want to give a young man a chance?" the major looked at him with his kindly eyes and in a mellow baritone voice replied:

"Yes, I delight in giving a young man a chance who tries to do something good and manly. You are on the wrong trail; have you looked at these struggling thousands of brave men and women and boys, the majority of whom have put their last cent into a grubstake, with the hope of finding some of the hidden wealth on the Yukon, and you ask me to give you a chance to help ruin some of these reckless, impulsive boys and men, whose mothers, sisters or wives are praying for them in their far away homes? No, sir, I tell you most emphatically that I am going to do all that I can to kill the traffic, and even if I received the order from Ottawa to issue permits to sell rum on the Yukon I would refuse to do it."

Oh, you mothers, wives and sisters who have loved ones on this long and dreary trail, send a vote of thanks to this Briton, this hero, for only a hero and an honest man could resist the tempting bribes that are offered, and that would make him a millionaire were he to swerve from the performance of his duty. And now I must return to my post of duty; great responsibilities rest upon me. Were it not for this I would be with hundreds of my western boys striking for Cuba and the old flag. But I hope to be out in the winter, and then if our boys on sea and shore have not swept Spain from the sea and the island of Cuba, I will be in the field.

With sincere regards, believe me, Yours in clouds or sunshine,

"CAPT. JACK" CRAWFORD. P. S.—Since writing the above the news of Dewey's victory over the Spaniards has reached us and our people are wild with delight.

Texas Lawyer Assassinated. COTULLA, Texas, May 22.—W. G. Bowen, one of the most prominent lawyers of this town, was assassinated



AN IMPORTANT MESSENGER.

Lieut. Andrew Rowan Carries News to the Camp of Gomez and Garcia.

While making plans to attack Havana simultaneously on land and sea, it became necessary for the United States army to communicate with the national army of Cuba. This could only be done by private messengers, and it can be said to the great credit of our soldier boys, that no less than 300 volunteered to act the part of messenger from Key West to Cuba. In order to reach the camp of Gomez the United States messenger must travel a part of the way in an open boat, then, after landing at the Cuban camp, make his

way through Spanish lines until he reaches the camp of Gomez, which is almost surrounded by Spanish cavalry. Lieut. Rowan visited Cuba by way of Jamaica and arrived in safety at the camp of Gomez. On his return he had to ride for his life, and finally made his escape by open boat. He went through so many fever camps that it was necessary for the United States, on his return, to hold him in quarantine before he could be allowed to come back to Key West. But he did his work correctly, and Gomez now has McKinley's directions.